THE COMPLAINT OF PAVLES, TO ALL CHRISTIAN SOVLES:

Or an humble Supplication,
To our good King and Nation,
For Her newe Reparation.

Written by HENRIE FARLEY.

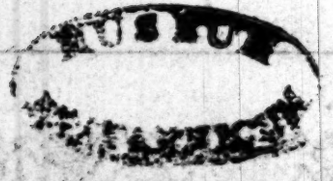
Amore, Veritate, & Reuerentia.

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The Booke to the *Reader.*

If you will iudge me, (my good friend)
First reade me thorough to the ende,
If all be well, you may commend me,
If ought amisse, I pray amend me.

For euery one ſhould gladly doe,
The ſame he would be done vnto.



I Poore *Paules* deiected and distressed, yet beeing in the best prospect, and taller then all my fellowes) doe see, or at least may see, (if my windowes be eyes) many stately monuments, houses, and other things builded, and done within these fewe yeeres, some for Honour, some for profit, some for Beautie, some for pleasure, some for health and recreation, some for Royall entertainments and sports, and many for charitable vses:



And I haue seene the Globe burnt, and quickly made a Phœnix.

Q. But who sees me? *A.* Who sees thee not?

Tunc etiam spero,

And hope will still, though still I haue the worst;
For wer't not for some hope, my Heart would burst.

Before the Complaint *is added* *a* Prologue, *and after the same an* Epilogue, *and a* Dreame.

1. THE Prologue, *is a charge giuen by the* Church *to this* Booke; *namely, that it should disperse it selfe to the* Court, Clergie, Cities, *and* Countries, *to search and finde out all such as are* Royally, Graciously, Honourably, Religiously, Vertuously, Charitably, *and* Bountifully *minded towards the repaire thereof, To the ende (that* Their *lights shining in such a* glorious worke of Pietie) *may thereby illuminate, and inflame the hearts of all others, to be willing* Benefactors, Contributors, *and* Coadiutors *to the same.*

2. *The* Epilogue *discouereth a* Iew-rie *of Knights of the Post; that in this, and in all other* Pious Designes, *will euer sweare to the contrarie.*

3. *The* Dreame *is a* Vision *which the* Author *saw in his sleepe, shewing the manner and fashion, how (as he thought) the said Church and steeple were beautified and repaired.*

THE

THE PROLOGVE.

And first to the Court.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FLIE little Booke, from East vnto the West,
From North to South, or where thou likest best,
Search *Brittaine* out, in all *Her* better parts,
Amongst the *Noblest*, and the *Worthiest* hearts.
But first (as dutie bindeth) take thy wing,
And flie to *Faiths Defender*, IAMES *my King*;
Beseech *His Highnesse*, (by all meanes that bee)
That (as *S. Albons*) He would pittie mee,
And so to order, by *His* Great command,
That I may be repaired out of hand;
Else I shall weare away, and cracke, and fall,
To my great sorrow, and my louers all.
OH tell *His Maiestie* in humble sort,
That thou art come vnto *His Royall Court*

To begge a Boon, that neuer beg'd before,
Which (if *Hee* graunt) thou neuer shalt begge more;
And be thou sure before from *Him* thou part,
Thou get Compassion from *His Kingly Heart*;
Like as the woman was to *Christ*, so be
Importunate vnto his *Maiestie*.
Doe not thou looke, like one, that will bee daunted,
But pray, and speake, vntill my suite be graunted;
And say, Although I ragged am, and torne,
As if I were, to all the rest a scorne;
Yet *Christendome* thr'oughout can truely tell,
That I for *Name* and *Fame* doe beare the Bell;
And ner'theless that I am call'd poore *Paules*,
I feed (*with th'choicest delicates*) more *Soules*,
Then any Three (the greatest *Churches*) doe,
In *England*, and in all *Great Brittaine* too.
And when thou hast thus labour'd *Him* a while,
Marke, if *His Gracious Countenance* doe smile:
For if it doe, be sure *Hee* doth affect thee,
And with *His Royall fauour* will protect thee;
And by *His sacred wisedome*, will deuise
A speedy way for my *Re-edifice*.

So

So I ſhall haue iuſt cauſe [illegible] ſing,
No grace in th'earth to that of God and King;
And ſhortly will be ſung by euery infant,
That good King IAMES made me againe Triumphant.

THEN goe to *Her*, whoſe *Princely vertues* ſhine
As if *Shee* were a *Goddeſſe* moſt *Diuine*,
(I meane my *Gracious Queene* and *Lady* ANNE,
Beſt *Queene of Women*, for Beſt *King of Man*:)
Beſeech that *Peereles Paragon of Time*,
That *Shee* will daigne t'accept thy honeſt Rime;
The rather, in reſpect *Her Royall Brother*,
Was the *Prime cauſe thereof*, not any other,
Who beeing (in the ſight of many people)
With other famous *Printes* on my ſteeple,
My *Writer* did conceit, *His Highneſſe* ſpake
Some charitable motion for my ſake,
That it were charges well beſtowed and ſpent,
To doe me Grace with ſome faire Ornament;
As with a *Crowne*, a *Spire*, or ſome good thing,
More fitter for to entertaine a *King*.
And 'cauſe *Hee* there did print *His royall foote*,

Poore man ſuppoſ'd *Hee* ſign'd and ſeald vnto't:
And ſay I what I can, yet is his Creed,
His Highneſſe did deliuer't as *His Deed*;
In which conceit (though oftentimes reſtrain'd)
Hee could not reſt, till thus I had complain'd.

OH tell *Her Highneſſe* that *Her Ladyes faire*,
Would giue good gifts to ſee my newe repaire,
And that, if firſt *Her Maieſtie* beginne,
All *Worthies* of *her ſexe* will then come in,
And bring *their Angels, Nobles, and their Crownes*,
From *Cities, Countries, Villages*, and *Townes*;
For Women neuer were of bettet ſpirits,
To doe the workes that *Fame* and *honour* merits,
Then now they are, God graunt them be ſo ſtill,
Patternes of good, and haters of all ill. *amen*

AND when thou haſt appear'd to *King* and *Queene*,
Vnto their *Princely Some* likewiſe be ſeene,
The high and mightie CHARLES, our ioy and treaſure,
Whom all true ſubiects loue in boundleſſe meaſure.
Say to this *Worthy, welbeloued Prince*,
It was my chance ſome fiftie fiue yeares ſince,

To

To looſe my toppe, a ſtately *princely ſpire,*
By lightening, which ſet the ſame on fire;
And burnt it downe, (a wonderfull miſhap,)
Leauing me bare and bald without a cappe,
Like an old ſhippe without her maſts and ſayles,
Hauing no *Beautie*, but poore rotten rayles.
Pray tell this *Prince* what *honour* it will bee
Vnto *His Highneſſe* if *Hee* ſpeake for me;
And what a *Glory*, *Name*, and *Fame*, and *praiſe*,
Vnto *Great Brittaine* it will euer raiſe,
If this my humble ſuit be well reſpected,
That ſo with ſpeede the worke may be effected.

SO from the *Prince* (as faſt as thou art able,)
Make haſt to goe vnto the *Counſell Table*,
Shewe wherefore thou do'ſt come, and make a motion,
Vnto their *Honours* there for their Deuotion;
That *They'le* be pleaſ'd to ioyne with *Maieſtie*,
In ſuch a worke of *Chriſtian Pietie*;
I knowe *Their Wiſedomes* and *Their Worths* are ſuch,
They will in this no *gift* nor *counſell* grutch.

THEN to all other *Lords* and *Ladies* bright,
And euery *vertuous Gentleman and Knight*,
Doe thou appeare; and say th'art come from me,
And I doe hope thou shalt more welcome bee:
As sure as I in *famous London* stand,
I shall haue gifts of euery *Noble* hand.

AND when with *Lords* and *Ladies* thou hast done,
About the *House* in euery office runne,
And from the highest to the lowest Groome,
Say, thou for my repaire and helpe art come;
And I dare wager euery one will say,
They'le giue to me, and spare another way.

Secondly, to the Clergie.

THVS doe thou leaue the *Court*, and quickly hie
Vnto the Reuerend Bishops and Clergie,
And giuing *Them* due *Grace and Reuerence*,
Craue thou *Their Bountie* and *Beneuolence*.

Tell

Tell *Them* I am *Their Church* of greateſt note,
Although I weare a poore and ragged coate;
And ſtand in faireſt *Citie* of this Land,
And with great ſtate was builded to *Their* hand.
I was the onely *Mirrour*, ſo am ſtill,
But then for *Beautie*, now for *looking ill*:
And *Strangers* wonder, why I am ſo bare,
Where ſuch great coſts on pleaſures buildings are:
And where for *Vanitie*, there wants no coine,
Or any thing to make *her* braue and fine.
I doe aſſure *them* (vnder *their* Correction)
That I haue liued long in great ſubiection,
And 'cauſe I doubt my rents and meanes are ſmall,
That I ſhall not be mended till I fall,
I thinke it not amiſſe for *Them* and mee,
To trie what helpe from others there will bee:
So I haue turn'd thee to the world therefore,
That (if I want,) *good men* may giue me more:
And doubtleſſe there are *Thouſands* that would giue,
Great and large gifts, to ſee me proſperous liue.

Thirdly, to the Citie.

NOW from the *Clergy* walke through *London-City*,
And looke them out that my poore case do pitie;
For there thou'lt finde innumerable many,
That for my good, will doe as much as any;
No place so *famous* as that *Royall Towne*,
For works of *Worth*, of *Honour*, and *Renowne*.
Be it for profit, pleasure, health, or state,
(Whatsoe're it cost,) the Citizens will ha't.
Marke but *Moorefields*, how it's aduanced hie
That did before both lowe and loathsome lie:
And going on take *Algate* in thy way,
Note well *her* building, and *her* rich aray.
Then without feare of stocks or pillorie,
Goe to the *garden* call'd *Th'artilarie*,
Passe by the *pikes* and *muskets*, and be bold,
That *honourable action* to behold:
And I am sure if backe thy newes thou bring,
Thou wilt protest it is a *worthy* thing,

That

That *men of note* their time and coine should spend,
To practise *Armes*, their *Country* to defend,
And voluntarily themselues incline,
To learne the rules of *Martiall discipline.*

I like it wondrous well, and could agree,
In euery *Shire* and *Towne* the like might bee,
That if in time we come to counterbuffes,
We may haue skill at *Armes* more then at cuffes,
And be prepar'd with skill and armour bright,
Against *Gods* enemies, and mine to fight.

Nowe come to *Bowe* in *Cheape* that cost full deare,
And see how gloriously shee doth appeare.

From thence to *Smithfield* if thou chance to hit,
Tell me what costs they haue bestow'd on it,
It was before a filthy noisome place,
And to the *Citie* verie much disgrace,
Yet now some say it may with best compare,
Of market places that in England are.

Then vnto *Amwell* see what you can say,
(The *Riuer* which was cut the other day,)
Me thinkes it is a very famous thing,
And doth much comfort to the *Citie* bring:

I needs muſt ſay it doth, and will avowe it,
And ſo I thinke all others will allow it,
And praiſe the *Founders* for their good intention,
And pray to bleſſe *them*, and their newe inuention.
So may you verie well the *Founders* praiſe,
Of *water-engins* made in former dayes;
For they are worthy, and their works good ſtill,
Though *Amwell* doe the beſt it can or will.
Alſo for *Charitie* and good *Almes-deedes*,
What *Citie* vnder *heauen* more poore feeds?
Or who more bountifull to *Preachers* be,
Then *Londiners* to their abilitie?
All which I doe, and may reioyce to ſee,
And hope (in time) *they'le* doe ſome good to mee:
And ſo will leaue a thouſand things to name,
That likewiſe doe deſerue their laſting fame,
And thoſe more cheifely which were done of late,
(Together with their triumphs of great ſtate,)
Becauſe for thee my *Booke*, and for the *Wiſe*,
I hope t'will be enough for to ſuffice.
And therefore nowe thy dutie there is done,
See that to other Cities thou be gone;

Intreat

Intreat *them* faire as thou go'ſt on thy way,
And doe not care what carping Critticks ſay.

Fourthly, to the Countrie.

WHEN thou haſt done in *Citie* and in *Towne*,
I pray thee walke the *Countries* vp and downe,
And ſo diſperſe thy ſelfe both farre and wide,
Till euery honeſt Chriſtian heart be tride:
Spare neither *ſexe*, nor *age*, nor *bond*, nor *free*,
Nor any one of whatſoe're degree:
For though ſome places are but poore and bare,
Yet will the pooreſt haue a mite to ſpare;
The Countrie welcome I doe knowe is kind,
Where meanes doth hit according to the minde.
Therefore my louing *Booke* take heart and goe,
Thou ſhalt finde tenne good friends for one bad foe:
Doe not thou feare for want of *Eloquence*
Or filed tearmes, to pleaſe the outward ſence;
But with a courage and a conſcience free,

Fourthly, to the Countrie.

Doe what thou canst to grace and pleasure me,
And I will pray as much as in me is
To bring my Benefactors vnto blisse,
Thy words are honest, and thy matter true,
Wherefore goe on I say, and so *A-Dieu*.

Thy wel-willer to the
Worlds ende,

S^t. PAVLES Church.

The Epistle of the Author to all Courteous and Charitable Readers.

IF you should aske me *Why* I vndertooke,
Into the ruines of *Paules Church* to looke?
Or *How* I durst (like Bayard) lift my Muse,
To such a height, or such a subiect chuse?
Or *Who* prouok'd me on, or bid me doe it?
Or who did set their helping hands vnto it?
Or *Which* way I doe thinke this Land can raise,
Inough *Beneuolence* in these hard dayes?
Or *What* the ende of my intent should be?
Or *When* I thought this worthy worke to see?
To these your *Why*, your *How*, *Who*, *Which*, *What*, *When*,
I answer thus kind friends and Gentlemen:
First, for your *Why*, my reason I will tell,
It's cause I loue, and still will loue *Bethel*;
And *How* I durst on such a subiect write?
It's cause I doe it in the Churches right;
For whom, and for my Prince and Countrie too,
I'le spend my blood, write, speake, ride, runne, or go.

And for your *Who* did bid me or assist me?
It was my God that hitherto hath blist me.
And for your *Which* way such great gifts will rise,
I could set presidents before your eyes
Of one or two, whose deeds so farre extend,
As would build three, and this Church well amend.
Then wonder not (I pray) which way or whence,
This Land should raise such great *Beneuolence.*
And for your *What's* the ende of my intention?
The scope of all my Booke will make you mention.
And lastly, for your *When* this worke shall bee,
Belongs vnto my *Betters* not to me,
To *God* and *King*, and *Powr's superiour*,
And not to me that am inferiour.
Wherefore (*good Readers*) take it well in worth,
The answer which to you I haue set forth,
And when this *Booke* of mine abroad is sent,
(Though poore and plaine) beleeue it is well meant:
And eu'ry thing's well done that's taken so,
But otherwise the good for bad doth goe.
I doe confesse and all the world may know-it,
I am too weake, to haue the name of *Poet*,

Yet

Yet I proteſt I like ſo well the art,
I would a good one bee withall my heart;
But now it is too late to wiſh or crie
I was no *poet* borne, nor one ſhall die,
Since firſt into this buſineſſe I waded,
I could not be by any friend diſſwaded,
Although they told me ſtrange things of theſe dayes,
That might haue made me doubtfull many wayes;
But beeing voide of feares, or thought of harme,
I did my ſelfe with Chriſtian courage arme,
And ſtoutly went through thicke and thinne to ſhore,
Where neuer any waded yet before;
And now haue finiſht what my *ſoule* requir'd,
Though not ſo well by halfe as I deſir'd;
God graunt it may ſuch good acceptance haue,
That once againe this *Bethel* may be braue.
And you deare *Friends* whoſe fauours I obtaine,
Health to your dayes while here you doe remaine,
And after this life euer may you ſtand,
Moſt bleſſed *Saints* in the *Celeſtiall Land.*

Yours onely in the vttermoſt of my
beſt endeauours and miſtes,

HENRIE FARLEY.

At *Zoilus*, *Momus*, and their mates,
This doe I fling to breake their pates.

CRitticks surcease, and doe not stirre too much,
Least medling more then needs, I may you touch,
And tell you to your teeth you are no friends
To any good beginnings, or good ends.
Though plaine I am, to Prince *I am as true,*
And loyall *too, as are the proudst of you:*
Nor haue I wronged you or any other,
More then a louing child would wrong his mother:
Or written any thing so voide of reason,
But that it may (to good men) come in season;
Wherefore let Iustice *rule you, and be quiet,*
And seeke not 'gainst my right to make a riot:
For if you doe, I must defend my cause,
By helpe of God, or King, or Armes, or Lawes;
Yet will I yeeld my life vnto my Betters,
But not to you, if I should starue in fetters.

Perhaps

Perhaps I'm borne to bee a Phinees *bold,*
To begge and pray for poore, and weake and olde,
And such as are both dumbe, and deafe, and blind,
That in this flintie Age no helpe can find.
What's that to you, or wherefore should you grutch,
When nine times worse, you spend ten times as much?
But that's to please your humour, that's well done,
And in that vaine your course runnes headlong on,
Vntill you make your selues so poore and bare,
That twentie such haue not a doite *to spare.*
If this my suite be rightly well regarded,
I may haue thanks, and loue, and be rewarded:
And more then that, (if lucke do not miscarrie)
Paules friends will say, I was an honest Harry:
So gaine a vertuous Fame *when I am rotten,*
By future Ages *not to be forgotten,*
While (if you please) you may goe shoote the goose,
And (wanting garters) weare your stockings loose.

Yours, as you plainely see,
till you are friends with mee.

H. F.

In laudem Authoris

Carmen ἐγκωμιαστικον.

SEmiruta aſpiciens Paulini culmina templi
Farleius, queritur tale perire decus.
Mox pia ſpirantem componit vota libellum,
Et quia non poterat magna, minora facit.
Qui ſi tàm noſſet templum, quàm condere verſum,
Efficeret propria, quod vouet, ipſe manu.
Fortunet lætis deus hoc ſucceſſibus auſum,
Gloria & ingenuum certa ſequatur opus.

THe great *Kings* Houſe, & Courts on earth decay'd
Let *King*, and *Court* to heauen raiſe vp againe,
And of the *Church-men* let it ner'e be ſaid,
That they did grudge the *Temple* to maintaine:
Let *London Londons* beauty beautifie,
And *Countrie-men* their *Countries*-dignity:
And with the Churches wiſhed exaltation,
Mount vp this Authors rightfull commendation.

I. W. T. C.

THE COMPLAINT OF PAVLES, TO ALL CHRISTIAN SOVLES.

THE great complaint that here is made good people,
Is of *Pauls Church*, and of that polled steeple,
Which stands within the famous citie London,
Cracked, defaced, rent, and almost vndone:
Mourning like *Charing-crosse*, being much decaid,
And of the stormes and winter blasts afraid,
Saying (alas) will no man pitie me,
But suffer still my poore aduersitie?
I'st *S. Pauls doctrine* you would faine imbrace?
Then crowne my head, do me some outward *Grace*:
Let strangers see and all that come to Towne,
That your cheife Church doth flourish, not fall downe:
And let me haue some *Beautie*, forme, and fashion,

That yee may shewe your selues a louing *Nation*,
And so assure me you doe not reiect me,
But with your wonted fauours doe respect me.

I know that for your owne delights and pleasures,
Vpon your houses you bestow great treasures,
Without, within, not any costs you spare,
To make them shew most beautifull and rare,
With stately *Lanthornes*, *Pyramids*, and things,
Pictures of mightie *Emperours* and *Kings*,
High *turrets*, *towers*, and curious phanes of price,
As if it were the place of *Paradise*,
While I am bare, and like a *Chaos* stand,
That should be faireſt prospect in the land.

What is the reason I should be no higher?
Because my chance was to be burnt with fire:
Or doe you thinke the charge but cast away
That is bestowed on the Church decay?
Or is it *Merlins* sorceries and lies
Hath made you feare with his false *propheſies*?
Or what's the reason you should thus neglect
To build me vp againe with faire prospect?

I am *Gods house*, consider then I pray,
What cause there is that I should thus decay:
Is it not pitty I should ragged bee,
While on proud flesh such golden gawdes I see?
Alas for shame I cannot choose but blush,
To see the world so stumble at a rush,
Yet easily it skips and leaps ore blocks,
Not sparing charge, nor fearing any knocks.
A thousand yeeres I stood in prosperous state,
And so remained till it was of late:
My auncient *Founders* were my louers deare,
They spar'd no cost as doth full well appeare:
But rais'd me from the ground aloft the skies,
To be a wonder for a world of eyes,
And made my watchfull cocke stretch forth his wings,
As doth the *Larke* when (mounting high) he sings
Halelwiah with his pretie voice,
And (neer'st the Heauens,) more he doth reioyce.
Then with the least aire that in skie did blowe,
Which way the winde did set, my cocke would showe;
Ah, then was I a *Princely Monument*,
In sight of all that vnto *London* went:

And then had I the Commendation,
And held in highest reputation:
But now (like one forlorne,) I stand vnpitied,
As if I had some monstrous fault committed.

Sometimes a view is made vpon my wants,
And then (twixt hope and feare) my heart it pants,
But all in vaine I hope, (alas my griefe,)
Surueiours gone, then this is my reliefe;
To vndertake so high a worke to mend,
Great is the charge (saie some) and to no end,
For (but for shew) to what vse will I serue,
Whereby such cost on mee, I should deserue?
Which censure makes me linger in consumption,
That to bee cured I haue small presumption.

Fie, fie, where are the minds were heretofore?
Are they growne poore, and will be rich no more?
Or are the gold and siluer Ages past,
And now an iron Age, left at the last?

Then woe is mee, my hopes, are fond and vaine,
I neuer looke to be repair'd againe.
When first I was by Ethelbert beganne,
No helpe was wanting could be found in man;

The Labrer would beginne as worke to sweate,
Before he did desire to drinke or eate:
All workemen striued for to shewe their skill,
Not so much for their gaine, as in good will:
Whether by taske, or working by the day,
Not one that would a minute spend in play:
Nor would they sleight their workes as now men doe,
But wrought with Art and expedition soe:
One free dayes worke in euery weeke I knowe,
They would on me most willingly bestowe.
What should I say? If I should goe abour,
To reckon all particulars throughout:
(The rules obserued to beginne and ende,
The gifts that many vnto mee did send,
The solemne orders laying my first stone,
With hallowing the ground I stand vpon:
The candles that were burned euery night,
At euerie time I grewe a man in height,
The noise of *Drummes* and eke of *Trumpets* sound,
When first I did appeare aboue the ground:
The *triumph* made at my first *Scaffolds* raise,
The *solemne songs* were sung in *Heauens* praise:

The number set on worke by sea and land,
As if the Christian world I might command;
If I were best that vseth swift to write,
I could not in two yeeres the same recite.
And if so many men were in a plaine,
As for my good did labour and take paine,
A *royall armie* would appeare to be,
Of power to fight with mightie enemie.
They wrought about me like the prettie bees,
And euery night went home with wearie knees,
And euery morne came fresh to worke againe,
As if the day before they felt no paine:
Their honey-drops distill'd from them apace,
(I meane the sweate of euery workemans face)
Their labour was their festiuall for me,
In hope my future prosperous state to see,
A world it was to note how all were bent,
How willingly their coyne and time they spent,
Without a Lotary or forc'd collection,
For all were free in any such good action:
There was no pining at the Church expence,
But all was brought in true Beneuolence.

And

And those that died in my *diocesse*,
Would will me something, more or lesse:
At all communions, and marriage dayes,
At Christenings, and many other waies:
The very poorest, would (without excuse)
Send or giue something to my proper vse:
And all to make mee beautifull and faire,
That Christ his *flocke* might vnto me repaire,
To teach and learne the *Heauenly* words of Grace,
And so to growe and fructifie apace,
In all good waies of Christian *Pietie*,
Best pleasing to the *Heauenly Deitie*.
Which (in good time) is long since brought to passe,
The like as ne're in any kingdome was:
So that for preaching, I may now compare
With all the Churches vnder heauen are.
Praised be *God* whose goodnesse doth excell,
Beyond what I can aske, or tongue can tell,
From age to age, hee still hath succour'd mee,
And out of thrall for euer set me free.
My inward garments, shine so bright and pure,
As now no errour can the same obscure:

For

For on the *Bread of life* in mercy you feede,
And doe receiue all things your soules doe needefull,
My *Preachers* bid you come, buy without money,
Things sweeter then the honey-combe or honey;
They tell you that the poore repentant sinner,
Shal be inuited to a Heauenly dinner:
And how the wilfull wicked are corrected,
And from Gods fauour vtterly reiected.
They preach that *pride* shalbe consum'd with fire,
And *God* will raise the *simple* from the mire.
They say that *Enuie* is a murthering sinne,
Whil'st *neighbour-loue* the loue of *God* doth winne.
They teach and prooue that *griping Couetousnesse*,
Is cheifest cause of sinne and wickednesse:
Whilst *Charitie* and *fruits* of *Christian loue*,
Doth please the *Lord*, and all his *Saints* aboue.
They say in holy *Scripture* it is found,
That all the world for drunken sinne was drown'd,
And that with water was, but now I thinke,
The greatest part will drowned be in drinke.
They say that *glattonie* and all excesse,
Shall punisht be in *Hell* with paines endlesse:

And

And that all *whoredome*, and *adulterous* acts,
All *poisonings*, *witchcrafts*, and such *wicked* facts,
Treason, *periurie*, *conuenage*, and *lying*,
Vnto the *Lord of Hosts* are daily crying.

And thus they preach the *Law* and *Gospel* too,
And faithfully Gods *holy worke* they doe;
And all to set you in the perfect way,
That *Heauen* may yours be another day.

By this you see how faire I am within,
Oh blest are *they* that did that worke beginne:
And they that did and doe maintaine the same,
Eternall be their *Honour* and their *Fame*:
But such as seeke that *Glorie* to deface,
Hell be their ende, and in this life disgrace.

Ah faire *Eliza*, now I thinke on *thee*,
Full foure and fortie yeeres thou succordst me,
And didst defend me with thy *awfull sword*,
'Gainst *proudest foes* that did oppose *Gods word*:
And when away thou must from vs be gone,
God and thou send'st a second *Salomon*,
By whom and by whose issue, I am sure,
Paules faithfull doctrine shall with me indure;

And be maintained, (maugre hellish spite)
So long as *Sunne* and *Moone* doe yeild their light.
His words, *His* workes, *His* will to God is bent,
His Bookes doe shew that *Hee* from *God* is sent:
1. Basilicon doron. For *Prouerbs* to *His Sonne He* did declare,
2. His Apology for the oath of Allegiance. Then next a *Preachers part He* did not spare,
3. Canticum Canticorum. The third *His song of songs* most sure shall be,
That shall set forth *His Kingly* loue to me,
His cheife delight is all in *Trinitie*,
Of them to make a perfect *Vnitie*.
What is the *good* wherein *Hee* hath no part?
What is the *bad He* hates not with *His heart*?
Where are the poore that iustly can complaine,
Whose needs He helps not, and their right maintaines?
Where is the *wight* of worth and due desert,
But of *his Royall bountie* hath had part?
And where's the *Prince* that to Him resort,
That doe not of their welcome well report?
And eke extoll His *great magnificence*,
His *wisedome, learning, wit*, and *eloquence*:
As did the *Queene of Saba* (*Dauids sonne*)
So they admire our *Royall Salomon*.

And say though times doe alter and mens names,
So that our *Salomon* is called IAMES,
Yet for *his wealth, his wisedome, strength* and all,
A *Second Salomon* you may Him call;
His *Land* the *Israel* that flowes with milke,
And honey sweet, corne, cattell, cloth, and silke,
Gold from all parts, spice, oyle, and wine,
Treasures from East and West, Pearls rich and fine;
People innumerable as the sands,
That well he may send out to forraigne lands,
Great store of them to place and plant elsewhere,
That He an *Israel* new may build and reare,
Whereby *Gods word* throughout the world may goe,
As in the *Scriptures* Christ commanded so:
Goe yee preach and baptise in euery coast,
In'th name of *Father, Sonne*, and *Holy Ghost:*
Which worthy worke his Highnesse hath begunne,
As much as any heretofore hath done:
Virginnia, Sommer-islands, and the rest,
Will testifie in time how they are blest,
By comming of His Subiects there to liue,
Which could not be, if He no leaue did giue.

And be maintained, (maugre hellish spite)
So long as *Sunne* and *Moone* doe yeild their light.
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By comming of His Subiects there to liue,
Which could not be, if He no leaue did giue.

By which good meanes thoſe which now *Sauage* be,
Will come in time to *Chriſtianitie*;
If not the elder ſort, the younger may,
And after one *age* thouſands euery day.
Though all things at the firſt ſeeme hard to bee,
Yet good beginnings haue good ends you ſee,
So it be followed and well protected,
And for *Gods glorie* cheifely be reſpected:
No ſuch beginnings need to feare good ends,
For they ſhall haue both *God* and *King* their friends.
There is not any that for wiſe would paſſe,
But holds that *England* as *Virginia* was,
And how it's now the world may iudge with me,
A brauer *Kingdome* neuer eie did ſee;
And ſo (in time) may poore *Virginia*,
If ſeconded by rich *Britannia*.

The prayer of Paules.

OH *God*, I pray thee bleſſe this *Royall* IAMES,
Q. ANNE, *Prince* CHARLES, *their iſſue, & their realmes,*
Prince PALATINE, *and his* ELIZA *faire,*
Their Princely Babe and firſt borne Sonne and Heire;
Feede *them* with *Manna* from thy *mercie-ſeate*,

Let thy *word* be their onely *drinke* and *meate*:
Blesse all their *Counsell* (*faithfull*, *wise*, and *graue*,)
With euery gift good *Counsellors* should haue:
Their *gracious* and their *reuerend Bishops* all,
Blesse likewise Lord; and more especiall,
Their Reu'rend Kingly Father of this *See*,
Cheife *Lord* and *Preacher* that belongs to me,
Also *their Deane* and *Chapter* of this place,
Blesse with thy louing countenance and grace,
And all the rest of *godly Ministrie*,
And daily them increase and multiply:
Oh make their words and workes for aie agree,
That I the *Halcyon* dayes and houres may see.
Blesse all their *Nobles*, *Knights*, and *Gentrie* all,
Their *Yeomandrie*, and *Commons* great and small,
Blesse both their *Nurses* of sweete *learnings* lore,
And all good *Students* now and euermore:
Blesse *Them* from all *designes* of feare and blood,
And from all things that are not for *Their* good:
Poison the poisoners that seeke *Their death*,
And suffer not a *Traytor* once to breath:
Roote out the *Romish rubble* from *their* Land,

That naught but plots of *murther* haue in hand;
Driue farre from *Them* all *Sorcerers* and *Deuils*,
And still defend *Them* from pretended euills:
Blowe all the *chaffe* away that spoiles good *corne*,
And let no *vaultie villaines* more be borne;
Set markes of *powder-vengeance* in their faces,
And let it there abide to their disgraces.

Yet Lord, thou art their potter, they the clay,
Thy skill and will can worke them any way:
Then if it bee thy will, for Honour make them,
And in thine anger do not quite forsake them:
Or as the *Scripture* saith, (a *blessed storie*)
Do what thou wilt, *O God*, for thine owne *glorie*.

Blesse this most *famous Citie* where I stand,
The *Flowre*, the Perle, the Iemme of Brittaine Land,
The Honourable *Maior* of the same,
The *Sherifs* and the *Aldermen* by name,
All other *officers* in *their* degree,
And all good *Citizens* wherelo ere they be.

My *Benefactors* I doe pray thee blesse,
And frame their hearts to giue with willingnesse:
So blesse, *O Lord*, the *Noble English hearts*,

That

That in *Virginia* haue done *their* parts,
Incourage and increase them euermore,
And still enrich their treasure and their store;
Oh let all *worthie minds* imboldned bee,
To doe the *works* that best may *Honour thee*.
And I doe pray thee sith the times grow ill,
Teach all the ready way to doe thy will:
So by thy *goodnesse* time may be ouercome,
And they prepar'd against the day of doome,
To liue with *thee* in thy *eternall* blisse:
Where they shall neuer any comfort misse;
Vnto which blessed place, Lord bring them still,
That feare thy name, and striue to doe thy will.

AND now for to returne where I left off,
Least some perhaps may rashly giue a scoffe,
I must complaine of more then yet you see,
Which I desire may well amended bee:
My body round within, and eke without,
My windowes, and my pillars all about,
My pauements, and my doores, my leads, my walls,
And many other faults vpon you calls,

And

And craues repaire against all wind and weather,
That wee may giue you thanks for altogether.
The Church the *feminine gender* doth require,
And like a *Ladies* should bee her attire;
Nay like an *Empresses* adorn'd, and grac'd,
Within, without, in order all things plac'd;
And cheifely that Church which is most insight,
(The head, the members guide, and candle-light,)
So should I bee that all the world may know,
Th'vnfayned loue that *Britaines* hearts do owe
To mee their *Princely Church*, and *Empresse deare*,
In whom the *word of God* doth shine most cleare.
Say that you should vpon your backe bestow
Rich clothing, as ther's many doe I know,
And on your head a threedbare cap should weare,
Mothe-eaten, and ne'ev'ry touch to teare;
Would you not thinke that all which see you goe,
Could chuse but wonder why you should doe so?
In all whatsoeuer like to like is best,
If one part be well cloth'd, to let the rest;
Or els that which is base makes all seeme base,
And by that fault doth all the rest disgrace.

Were

were it not strange also (*oh pardon mee,*)
That any one within the *Court* should see
Our *Royall Queene* attir'd in base aray,
And all her hand-maides cloth'd in garments gay?
I thinke t'were strange, and such vnseemely sport,
As neuer will (I hope) be in our *Court*:
Yet euen so the case with mee doth stand,
That am the *Queene of Churches* in this *Land*:
For in the middle of a matchlesse *Citie*,
I stand like to a *mourner*, more the pittie,
Inuironed with buildings faire about,
And I am tallest built in all the rowt;
All other *Churches* are but *dwarfes* to mee,
Yet vnto all beare-headed must I bee;
My head should weare the *Crowne* full well I know,
But that must stand vpon the toppe of *Bowe*:
Or els the shaft or spire that should bee best,
But that's vpon S. *Dunstanes* in the *East*;
My chime of fine small bells might well be heard,
All London ouer, but I am afeard
That some will say, what need such cost be there?
Because (of chimes) there be enough elswhere:

Bowe steeple in Cheapeside verie well beautified at the cost of one Parish.

But such *Lobiesters* I could wish were dead,
That better minds might come in place and stead;
Let such hoard vp for *Sir Hugh Prodigall*,
Or *Sir Raph Want-wit*, you may *noddie* call,
Whose backe and belly cheere, *Tobacco* smoake,
All *good designes* doth hinder, stifle, choake.

Some few (I hope) the Lord will euer raise,
To bee the *light* and *mirrour* of these dayes,
That (in good time) will pittie my complaint,
And with my wants will all my friends acquaint,
And stirre them vp to be as *franke* to me,
As God (to them) is *bountifull* and free.

One such a *Sutton* as of late did die,
That turned *Charter-house* to *charitie*,
If to himselfe the *honour* he would haue,
With halfe that charge he might repaire me braue;
But such a worthy *Phœnix* is so rare,
That hardly any will with him compare;
Nay would tenne thousand would now ioyne in one,
To doe as much as he alone hath done.

But stay a while (my *Muse*) no further goe,
What is the reason thou art grieued so?

Let not fell anger in thy heart take place,
But patiently I pray thee, beare a space;
Nor any of my coate should angry bee,
But gentle, mild, and full of curtesie;
Nor should *beggers*, (men doe say) bee choosers,
Least crauing all, they still are all the loosers.

I thinke now on a good conceit and true,
That doth my comforts once againe renue;
For listning what the *Princes* said of late,
(When *they* were pleas'd to be on my bald pate,)
As I did vnderstand this was *their* talke,
As *they* (about) on eu'ry side did walke;
Alas good *Paul* (saith one) how poore and bare,
Thy head, thy sides, thy battlements now are?
Is't possible that long thou shouldest thus stand,
In such a *Cittie* and a *prosperous* land?
As I am *Christian* I'le speake for thee,
That once againe thou mayst *trymphant* bee:
Thy shaft shall vp againe, thy cocke shall crowe,
Or else thou shalt be *crown'd* as well as Bow:
Which of these two will surest on thee stand,
I will entreat thou maiest haue out of hand:

Comfort thy ſelfe (*good Paul*) be not diſmaid,
It ſhalbe done to thee, as I haue ſaid;
To which the other *Princes* all agree'd,
And ſaid it ſhould bee ſurely done with ſpeed.
THIS did I heare, or els was much deceiu'd,
And of my ſence of hearing quite bereau'd;
But that's no marueile if it ſo ſhould bee,
For age, and cold, breeds much infirmitie,
And waiting ſo long bearehead is a thing
That (to the ſoundeſt) may diſeaſes bring,
And make him ſo benummed, and ſo weake,
That hee ſhall hardly ſtand, or heare, or ſpeake.
Indeed I am or'eioy'd, I muſt confeſſe,
When I am viſited with *Princely* gueſts;
For then I hope, ſome good will come to mee,
Towards releife of my neceſſitie;
So ioy might make me to miſtake *their* ſpeech,
Which (if I did) I humbly doe beſeech
A pardon for this fault, and then hereafter
Ile write of nothing but Ile bring mine Author,
To verifie the truth of that I write,
Or els my pen ſhall neuer more indite.

And for my *Writer* also let me craue,
His pardon likewise I would gladly haue:
His learning you may see is poore and weake,
And I can make but signes, I cannot speake;
I shew'd my coate, my head, my broken sight,
How poore it was, how bald and wanting light;
Whereat he vow'd, that he would neuer rest
Vntill with state and beautie I were drest;
For which I must not shewe my selfe ingrate,
But pray that he may liue right fortunate:
His meaning's good, that you may plainely see,
Though he want *Eloquence* to polish me,
Beare with his wants, accept of his good will,
Encourage him that is well minded still.
If once I were attired faire and braue,
Then London all her ornaments shall haue;
All things would then be suitable to me,
And to my friends most gratefull will I bee:
For then will I when my Request is done,
Send to the banks of learned *Helicon*,
Or to *Pernassus mount*, where *Eloquence*
Doth passe my Authors dull intelligence,

Where I ſhall finde ſuch fruits on Eden tree,
As ſhall ſet forth their fauours done to mee;
And on my *Pinnacles* there ſhall they place,
Moſt thankefull *mottoes* for my *Founders grace.*
And more to ſhewe their loues and good intents,
They ſhall ſet *poeſies* on my *battlements*,
That ſhall my *Benefactors* loue vnfold,
To all the world in ſentences of gold.

Let t not be ſaid when you for Chriſt his ſake
Warre with his enemies doe vndertake,
That your *religion* doth with Church decay,
But let your ſeene, your vnſeene *zeale* diſplay;
That valiantly you may your ſelues expreſſe,
Like *Chriſtians* ſtout in *weale* or in *diſtreſſe*,
In ſpight of all that wicked wights can doe,
And for the glorie of the *Goſpel* too.

Then famous *Brittaine* thou't be happie ſtill,
In godly pleaſures thou ſhalt take thy fill:
Feare thou no *foes* for *Chriſt* will be thy guard,
Whoſe *breath* can make a mightie *hoſt* afeard:
Thy *Kingly Dauid* alſo can diſpute
With Turke or Antichriſt, and them confute;

And when to *warres his Highnesse* shall incline,
He'le quell the *pride* of stoutest *Philistine*,
And in the meane time with a *Bible-stone*,
Will dash his braines, and crush his greatest bone:
For he that in his breast doth weare that *shield*,
(As doth this *Dauid*) needs not feare the field:
But with true *faith* and courage *he* may meete
Sathan himselfe, and stampe him at his feete.

His golden pen that wrote for *Christ* his sake,
The *Angels* vp to *Heauen* did it take,
And bid *Him* be as bold with *Pike* as *Pen*,
For *He* should be the onely *King* of men,
And that in *Him* and *His posteritie*,
Should be orethrowne all *Popish heresie*:
Which Christ (I pray thee) grant it may be so,
To all that *Thy* iust quarrell vndergo:

For sweet's that BLOOD *that in Thy cause is sheddе*,
As was Thy BLOOD *that Thou for man hast bledde*:

And now for to conclude what hath beene said,
I doe beseech my *powerie* be waid:
Oh let not base *Oblivion* burie me,

Dear

Where I ſhall finde ſuch fruits on Eden tree,
As ſhall ſet forth their fauours done to mee;
And on my *Pinnacles* there ſhall they place,
Moſt thankefull *mottoes* for my *Founders grace.*
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For sweet's that BLOOD *that in Thy cause is shedde*,
As was Thy BLOOD *that Thou for man hast bledde*.

And now for to conclude what hath beene said,
I doe beseech my *powertie* be waid:
Oh let not base *Oblivion* burie me,

Least in *Oblivion* I doe burie thee,
And scorne that thou shouldst build within my *Wombe*,
To grace thy selfe with any sumptuous tombe,
Where thy remembrance must indure for aye,
And I poore Church be suffered to decay.
My *Innocence* pleads no such *Ignorance*:
But if I were dispos'd to cast a glaunce,
I soone could finde such costs on *tombes* laid out,
As almost would amend me round about:
These in my bowels neere my heart must lie,
And I poore ragged wretch must pitie crie:
And this the purse of ten or twelue haue done,
Yet left enough for wife, and euery sonne.
Can tenne or twelue doe so, and twice as much?
And shall a *Citie* and a *Kingdome* grutch
To giue a trifle to so good a deed,
As should releeue my powertie and neede?
And not so giuen, neither as quite lost,
For that were vanitie and idle cost;
For from thee it doth goe vnto thy brother,
(I meane the workeman, and to many other.)
That's cast away, that goes out of the Land,

And

And comes no more in *King* or *Subiects* hand:
Or that that's hidden in the earth, or bagges,
While thy poore Brother's naked, or in ragges.
Oh come with gladnes then vnto this charge,
Brittaine is wealthy, populous, and large,
And those that giue in loue and charitie,
Into a *Booke* let them recorded bee,
That childrens children may hereafter know,
The loue their *fore-fathers* to me did owe;
And be incourag'd in their younger dayes,
To doe the works deseruing lasting praise:
For he that doth deferre good deeds till death,
Seild comes to good the thing hee doth bequeath.

ON bended knees of *loue* and *loyaltie*,
And at the feete of *Soueraigne Maiestie*,
King, Queene, and Prince, and Prinie Counsellers,
Archbishops, Bishops, Brittaines Senators,
Once more I doe most humbly, begge and craue,
That my defaults amendment now may haue:
Nobles, Knights, Gentrie, Commons great and small,
In *loue* and *reuerence* I pray you all,

That ye theſe faults will helpe for to amend,
For *Brittaines honour* till the world doth end:
Wiues, and *Widdowes*, *Maidens dying*, *liuing*,
Vnto this worke of *Pietie* be giuing;
According to your works yee ſhall inherit,
Yet for your works no place in Heauen can merit:
For what is he that ſince the world beganne,
Hath beene ſo iuſt, and ſo vpright a man,
Whoſe good works could exceede aboue his euill,
But onely *Hee* that conquer'd death and deuill?
That Chriſt, that Lambe, that Doue, that God-man, he
Did onely merit your eternitie.

To him therefore doe you his praiſes ſend,
And ſo of my Complaint I make an ende.

Laus Deo in æternum.

THE

THE EPILOGVE:

OR,

An Extasie, which Paules *fell into after it had complained: partly of Hope, and partly of Feare.*

WHEN my complaint was ended, I amazd
Stood, and beheld how people on me gazd:
My thought that euery one that walked by,
Did looke vpon me with compassions eie:

EXCEPT some twelue, and that was *Enuie* one,
A pale-fac'd fellow, wishing good to none:
He vo'wd, and swore from his more gall then heart,
Vnto my need he would no penny part:
His reason beeing asked, he replied,
All others but his owne good he defied.

2 THE ſecond was a *miſerable* Chuffe,
Hee at at my mournefull ſuite did ſtorme and puffe;
And ſaid, for all my pouertie and ragges,
He would not part with money from his bagges.
Shall I (ſaid hee) giue any thing to thee,
If I ſhould want, what canſt thou giue to me?

3 THE third was *Pride*, and he did looke ſo hie,
That he could not my pouertie eſpie:
To giue (he ſaid) it is not now the faſhion;
And for to beg, it's held abhomination.

4 THE fourth was *Careleſneſſe*; his anſwer was,
That for my need and wants he did not paſſe,
His reaſon why he will no bountie giue,
Is 'cauſe (quoth he) I'le ſtand while he ſhall liue,
And ſo departs with ſcoffing, and with laughter,
And bids them care that ought to care hereafter.

5 THEN *Pickthanke* comes, the fift he is in number,
He pries in others faults, and makes great cumber,
And for to ſaue himſelfe from any charge,
He doth not care how he doth ſpeake at large,
And reckons vp collections made before,
(Inough for to releiſe my wants and more,)

So

So that if others were i'th minde hee's in,
He would see that before he would begime.
Alas, if such a thing were done before,
Let it not now be laid on good mens score;
Whose wills are such (although they are not many)
Me to repaire without the helpe of any:
But sith their meanes compareth not with minde,
(Without some helpe) I can no comfort finde.
THEN *Curiositie* the sixt goes by,
And cause he sees a moate in's brothers eie,
(A word amisse, a syllable, or such,)
To giue a shilling therefore he doth grutch:
And thus he peepes, and pries, and lookes a squint,
And thinks that beggers words should be past print:
When (God doth know) if he were charitable,
The plainest tearmes should serue if he were able.
THE seauenth, *Prodigalitie* that asse,
(That by Duke *Humphry* oft doth hungry passe,)
He saies, Tobacco, Clarer wine, and Sacke,
He will not want, though twentie Churches lacke;
To playes, and playing, taylor, or to launder,
Or for a toy, he cares not how he squander:

But when poore *Vertue* doth but craue a groate,
He's ready in his wrath to cut her throat.

8 THEN comes the eight, (*Haile maſter*) with his traine,
Hee ſaies, what needs ſuch waſt? it is but vaine:
It had beene better giuen vnto the poore,
That beg about the ſtreets from doore to doore:
But ſuch a *Iudas* (if he beare the bagge,)
Hath no intent the poore ſhould haue a ragge.

9 THE ninth I take it was a *Ieſuite*,
(For I did heare him mumble words of ſpite)
And ſwore by all the blacke deeds he intended,
He'd rather hang then I ſhould bee amended:
Hang then (quoth I,) or get thee going further,
For thy delight's in ruine and in murther:
Thy curſe can doe no harme, thy bleſſe no good,
Nor all ſuch villaines as delight in blood:
For God in holy *Scripture* hath appointed,
That none ſhould hurt his *Church* or his *Anointed*:
Therefore avant thou wolfe in lambskins cloath'd,
For through the world thy acts and deeds are loath'd.

10 THEN comes the tenth an *Atheiſt*, not an *Arin*,
(Though both I do eſteeme as dung or carrin;)

He

He vext and storm'd that any Church should bee
Where *Soules* should worship any *Deitie*:
A man to seeme he was, but not Gods creature,
Because he held all things proceed by nature.
THE leauenth was a *brother* seeming pure, 11
That no good works will heare of or indure,
And all the comfort which to mee he saith,
That I (Asse hee,) must stand and liue by faith;
By faith (quoth I,) what faith dost thou liue by?
By faith it's good when in good faith you lie;
If I had not a *Faith*, more sure, more humble,
I soone should crake, and rent, and fall, and tumble:
Wherefore be gone (*Prophane*) thy *faith* deceaues,
And all the world of *charitie* bereaues.

The surest foundation of Pauls is the Church vnder it called S. Faith.

THE twelu'th and last, a clouted shooe did weare, 12.
And in his hand a hedging bill did beare:
(I meane the *wretched man*, that is so cruell,
That makes his mucke, his Idoll and his Iuell,)
He saies and sweares, (and yet he prates and lies)
That all his wealth's not worth two apple pies:
When (if he were) to take a goodly varme,
Or in some spite to doe his neighbour harme,

His

His Iugge and hee agree both in one zound,
And from their hutch can vetch a hunderd pound;
And yet he pines and pules for doing good,
As if in pouertie and want he stood.
And thus with griefe of mind, and in some fury,
I haue impaneld vp my vnkind *Iewe-ry*,
Whose *verdict* would be such if they may speake,
As would my head, and heart for sorrow breake.
But now these vnkind *twelue* are gone and past,
Twelue hundred thousand I espie at last,
Virtues welwillers men of charity,
Such as doe pray for my prosperity.
They say I may without be decked braue,
Yet in my inward parts no *pride* may haue;
I may haue *carerings*, *corronets*, and *laces*,
I may haue *louers*, *kisses*, and *imbraces*;
I may haue *Honour* due vnto a *Queene*,
And all this while no *pride* in mee is seene:
I may haue any thing to make me faire,
That all *truths* louers may to mee repaire,
And bee enamor'd at my louely face,
And striue who most can enter to my grace.

Not

Not as the wicked money-changing-rout,
(In time of prayer) walke my Isles about,
And make their bargaines, and their idle meetings,
With many false, and fayned newes, and greetings:
But as my friends in fervent *zeale* and motion,
Come for to heare Gods word with sound deuotion;
My thinks they looke, and smile, and speake, and giue,
And wish that I triumphantly might liue:
They doe not seeke for faults, as others doe,
But doe good deeds, and yet are faithfull too:
They sound no trumpets when they giue their almes,
They haue in them no peeuish froward qualmes;
But all in *loue* and *done-like charitie*
They giue, and giue in Christian veritie:
Wherefore (as is my duty) I will pray
That *God* will blesse them all both night and day.

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And from their hutch can vetch a hunderd pound;
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Wherefore (as is my duty) I will pray
That *God* will blesse them all both night and day.

THE DREAME.

ON the one and twentith day,
Of the pleasant moneth of *May*,
To a groue I did repare,
All alone to take the aire;
Sweete it was, and fresh, and greene,
Decked like a *Summer Queene*:
Where abiding priuately,
I did here fine melodie:
Philomel did chaunt and sing,
Welcomming the cheerefull spring:
Euery bird did straine her throate,
Warbling out her pretie note.
Walking there a little space,
At last I went with nimble trace,
To a riuer somewhat neere,
That had water pure and cleere:
Fishes there did leape and play,
Swannes did sing their roundelay.

So,

So I set me downe to rest,
In a place that lik't me best;
And beeing there a little while,
Slumber did mine eies beguile,
Till at last a sleepe did take me,
That no noise till night could wake mee:
The place was sure, and I was bold,
The aire was pure, not hot nor cold:
My pillowes were greene grasse and flowers,
The willowes were my shadie bowres;
My little dogge did so attend mee,
That no creature could offend mee.

In this sleepe (good Christian people,)
I dreamed of a Church and steeple,
Which at first my thought was bare,
As many other ruines are,
Weather-beaten and much worne,
Rag'd, deformed, crackt, and torne,
Without battlement or grace,
Too too meane for such a place:
For my thought this Church did stand,
In best citie of this land,

And for seate and eminence,
Had the cheife preheminence:
Wondrous great it was in sight,
And of admirable height:
King and people might it see,
How it was in powertie:
And all strangers well might say,
'Twere pittie it should so decay,
Where Gods word is well regarded,
And his Preachers are rewarded.

In this dreame (though fast I slept)
Yet (with teares) I truely wept,
And did pray that God would bless,
Such as would this Church redresse.

After teares were ouer-past,
Ioy did visite me at last,
For my thought this Church was mended,
And the steeple was befriended.

Fashions many I did see,
Er'e any fashion pleased me:
One as before (a seemely spire)
Which was burned downe with fire.

One like *Pulchres*, one like *Bowe*,
One like *Boſton* was I trowe;
One *Grantham*-like I did eſpie,
But his toppe ſtood not awry:
And many other I did ſee,
In this dreaming fantaſie;
But that which ſeemed to be beſt,
Followes after all the reſt,
Which if your pleaſure be to read,
You'l ſay it was the beſt indeede.
My thought the ſteeple was ta'ne downe,
Lower then the Churches crowne,
And ſuddenly was raiſ'd againe,
With good labour not in vaine:
Square it was as t'was before,
Twelue foote higher t'was and more.
Round the toppe a *battlement*,
Seemely, faire, and excellent;
Aboue that *battlement* full high,
Foure pinacles I did eſpie,
Hollow, and of ſtone ſo fine,
That till doomes day would endure:

On the toppe of euery one,
Was a little ſpire of ſtone,
At the feete whereof there went,
A little pretty *battlement:*
Round about theſe *battlements*
Were fine *phanes* and *ornaments*,
By whoſe motion without ſtay,
Droue the crowes and kites away:
In each *phane* was guilt the *Coate*
Of *benefactors* of beſt note;
And in a place conuenient,
On th'inſide of each battlement,
A *poeſie* thus was ſet in gold,
As vnderneath you may behold;

All glorie be to God on hie,
And to this Church proſperitie.

Theſe pinacles foure *pictures* had,
Which to ſee did make me glad;
That which ſtood next to the Weſt,
Had his face towards the Eaſt;
Looking with maieſticke grace,
For to ſee his Sauiours face;

A *King* he was, a *Crowne* he wore,
God blesse him now and euermore:
For sure as *London* hath a *Thames*,
It was the picture of *King James*:
His *Armes* were in the highest phane,
And then many noble man,
Had their *Armes* vnder *His*,
Round that *battlement* I wisse:
Like to *spangles* they did show,
Vnto such as were below:
And they that did to th'toppe resort,
Might say it did belong to'th Court:
His *Kingly motto* there was plac'd,
Which the *Pinacle* most grac'd:

Euill come to ill intenders,
Good to all true Faiths Defenders.

THEN I lookt to that i'th *East*,
Where a *Bishop* was at least,
Opposite vnto the *King*,
Which to me much ioy did bring:
In one hand he had a *Booke*,

Wherein he seemed for to looke,
In a sweete and reu'rend wise,
Well beseeming such a guise:
His other hand did touch his tongue,
And a *sentence* thus he sung;
To my Saviour Ile be true,
And this Church shall have her due.
On the toppe his *Scutchion* stood,
Which to see it did mee good;
Vnder that were all others,
Which by calling were his *brothers*:
This *Pinacle* did plainely show
The *reu'rend Bishops* did it owe,
And the *Clergie* with them joynd,
Because they would not be behind.

3 THEN I saw towards the North,
Another *pinacle* of worth;
Where was sitting in a *chaire*,
One resembling a *Lord Maior*;
The *Cittie Armes* were highest there,
Vnder that all *Cities* were:

A Shippe

A Shippe was carued there also,
As if shee on the *Sea* did goe:
Then a *motto* there was set,
Which the Citie grace did get:
Walworth killed rebell Straw,
Cause he spurn'd gainst King and Law;
So by our truth and industrie,
God makes our Citie multiply:
Let rebels swagger how they will,
we will bee true and loyall still.
This *pinacle* belongs to'th'Citie,
The *motto* is more true then wittie.

THEN to the South I turn'd mine eie, 4
And in that Pinacle did spie
A *Country-man* the plough to hold,
A comely Farmer somewhat old,
A *wheat-sheafe* was his *Armes* I trowe;
And the rest that stood belowe,
Were implements of husbandrie,
Set in the *phanes* most handsomely:
And his *motto* thus was fram'd,

As here vnderneath is nam'd:

Plaine I am as you may see,
Yet the Best growe rich by me.

TWIXT each *Pinacle* there was,
Pyramides that did surpasse,
For beautie and for seemely forme,
Strong enough for any storme.
In the middle of each square,
There they stood and placed were.
One had the picture of a *Queene*,
The faireſt that mine eyes haue seene,
Who surely as I'm honeſt man,
Seem'd to be our *Royall Anne*:
For it had such *Maieſtie*,
Ioyn'd with *gentle clemencie*,
That certainely it was the same,
Which before I seem'd to name.
Her motto on the same was set,
Which I neuer shall forget:
Faire without, and grace within,
Are beauties fit for Church and Queene.
And the poesie generall,

Which

Which I named first of all,
That was placed in degree,
As high as all the others be:
All glorie be to God on high, &c.

THE second *Pyramides* had, 2
The picture of a *royall Lad*,
Which I imagin'd euer since,
Did resemble *Charles* our Prince,
By each part of limme and feature,
He did seeme a *Kingly creature*;
Stout and bold, gentle, free,
And all that in good *princes* bee:
His motto now I will set forth,
Cause it was a thing of worth:
I scorne the feare of shedding blood,
For God, for Church, for Countries good;
But for all these Ile warre and fight,
As Kings and Princes should by right:
I will helpe the poore oppressed,
And those which truely are distressed.

3 THE third as faire as was the reſt,
With *Elizabeth* was bleſt,
Rhynes ſweete *Princeſſe, Brittaines* ioy,
Holding in her armes a Boy,
Whom (if Art doe not diſſemble)
Her firſt borne He did reſemble.
At which ſight I was amazd,
And with ioy on them I gazd,
Rauiſhed with admiration
At this delectable faſhion,
Thinking if ſuch great delight
Could be in the *pictures* ſight;
What would then the ſubſtance bee,
Vnto him that may them ſee?
I am ſure to me t'was Treaſure
For to ſee them in this meaſure.
Her motto now I will declare,
Kill me, if the ſame I ſpare:
In the Churches wealth and peace,
Good things proſper and increaſe:
But if ſhee wither and decay,
All Gods bleſſings fleete away.

IN

IN the fourth faire *Pyramide*,
Two other *Pictures* I espide,
One of *Denmarks royall King*,
Whose fame with vs shall euer ring,
And shall be linked in this knot,
Where *He* shall neuer be forgot:
Three *Queenes* in one is *His Sister*,
Twice in *England* hath he kist *her*,
With such great ioy on all parts,
As pleas'd ten hundred thousand hearts.

His *motto* was as doth ensue,
Beleeue me it is very true;

I Christian King of Denmarke, giue
My loue to These, while I doe liue,
And will assist with power and sword,
My kinred, friends, the Church, Gods word.

BY him was Prince *Palatine*,
Looking on *his Valentine*;
Each to other seem'd to glance,
With a cheerefull countenance,
In such an amiable sort,

As my ſoule did therein ſport;
This *Prince a Motto* did vnfolde:
Fit and worthie to be told:
Gods ſpouſe and mine I will maintaine,
So long as I do liue and raigne,
Turke, Pope, nor deuill, ſhall them fright,
Or do them hurt by day or night,
And in this Gordion knot will I
Bee knit in loue vntill I die.

THEN in the middle of the *ſquare*
Where all theſe braue pictures were,
There was raiſ'd (tenne foote higher)
A *curious* and a *coſtly ſpire*:
And at the top thereof a *Croſſe*
Of Siluer guilt and not of droſſe;
Then a gallant cocke to ſhowe,
Which way ſtill the wind did blow;
In this place good *Art* was tride,
How to make it ſure abide,
And accordingly t'was fram'd,
That no workman could be blam'd;

Not too weightie nor too light,
Like *Cheape-crosse* it was in sight,
But the *pictures* there that stood,
Were of *Princes* that were good,
That this *Church* did er'st aduance,
And gaue it store of maintenance.
And first the loweſt placed there,
Elizabeth and *Henry were*,
One of proofe one of hope,
Better *Princes Heauens cope*
Euer had or euer can,
Be better amongſt the ſonnes of man:
Then betwixt them I eſpide,
Two *Princeſſes* that lately di'd,
Which looked like thoſe of *King Iames*,
Gotten ſince *hee* dwelt by *Thames*.
And aboue in the next round,
Other *Princes* there I found,
Pictur'd all in their degree,
As by time now dead they bee:
There in letters of pure gold,
Their right names I did beheld;

And:

And I thinke in hollow braſſe,
Eu'ry *picture* ſhaped was.
This *ſpire* was hollow, and with lead
Round about t'was couered;
Cram'd with oken timber pure,
Such as euer will endure:
In that hollow was nought els,
But a ſcore of little bells,
Which the *Art* of wittie times
Made a delectable chymes:
Who being high, their prettie ſound
Might be heard the Cittie round.
In the midſt of th'upper loft,
A paire of wodden ſtayres were wrought,
And a doore at that ſtayres head,
Which did bring mee to the lead;
Where my thought I did behold,
All that I before haue told.
As about the leads I went,
And ſaw all things ſo excellent,
Looking ouer, I did ſee
The *Church* likewiſe as it ſhould be,

With new *battlements* about,
And walls mended throughout:
All the windowes where need was,
Were amended with pure glasse:
Not any thing that wanted there,
But was repaired eu'ry where.
Neuer did I see a thing,
Of more worth and reckoning,
Then this *vision* which I
In my sleepe did plaine espie.
Had I beene an *Architect*,
Dreaming of this faire prospect,
Or with true tearmes could relate,
All the fashion, forme, and state,
Then might I say it taught mee more,
Then any practise did before;
But many things of note and worth,
I am not able to set forth.
After long I had beheld
The outward beautie it did yeld,
Then I was vpon the pinne,
To see what *Grace* it had within;

Downe I went, (my thought in haſt,)
But my ſpeede did proue it waſt:
For (to mee) it's griefe to tell,
I was waked by a bell,
And my dogge beganne to bay,
At a frogge leapt croſſe my way;
By which meanes I did not ſee,
How the ſame within might bee;
And more worſe (to ende my theame)
It vexed mee t'was but a dreame;
Well I wiſht the Sexton hang'd,
And my dogge I ſoundly bang'd:
Yet to giue them both their right
T'was time to goe for it was night;
And I thinke my foolifh curre
Knew t'was fit for me to ſtirre:
So away I runne in haſt,
And came ſafely home at laſt:
Where with pen I did record
All I dreamed word by word:
And I hope it's not amiſſe,
To place it where it placed is.

THVS you see (good people all)
What is done for *Londons Paul*;
If in ought my *Dreame* prooue true,
Let it be as't pleaseth you:
Though I dreame I doe not teach,
That's a straine beyond my reach;
Since I learn'd my *Crosse-rowe* letters,
I left all teaching to my *betters*;
And leaue it will vnto my ende,
So good *Reader* be my friend.

The Booke to PAVLES.

ACcording as you doe command,
I will flie about the Land,
To Court, Clergie, Countrie, Citie,
For to find out Ladie Pitie:
If I finde Her *and returne me,*
Pray take order none may burne me:
Though I *be but poore and plaine,*
I *may bring you store of gaine:*
For this Ladie *doth not care,*
(In pious vses) what shee spare:

To the Church shee is more free
Then thousands other Ladies bee.

The answer of PAVLES.

BOOKE I thanke thee for thy *love*,
And doe pray to *God* aboue,
Thou maist finde this *Lady* out,
Where thou goest round about;
That thou maist returne againe,
With a labour not in vaine.

For thy burning take no care,
Thou wilt surely better fare;
I will keepe thee in record,
Till the comming of the Lord.

And thy Author here shall rest,
Whilst his soule with God is blest.

FINIS.